

FOLK-SONGS FROM SOMERSET.

First Edition, 1905.

Second Edition, 1911.

FOLK SONGS

FROM SOMERSET

GATHERED AND EDITED
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

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SECOND SERIES.

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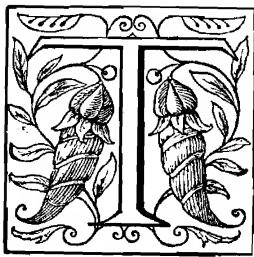
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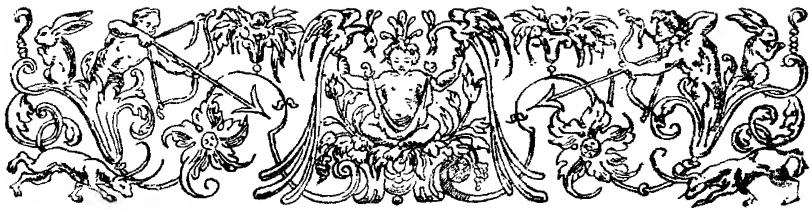
BARNICOTT AND PEARCE
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DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

P R E F A C E .



THE Editors wish to render grateful thanks
both to those former helpers who have
continued to give them kind assistance,
and also to the Reverends G. Beilby,
C. Campbell, F. Clarke, C. Heale, O. Peppin, S. Percival,
A. H. Powell, LL.D., J. Street and W. Warren and
to Mr. G. D. Templeman.



INTRODUCTION.



HE Second Series of Folk Songs from Somerset will, the editors hope, be found not inferior to the first series. Mr. Sharp has noted down over six hundred melodies in Somerset, and so many of these are good that it has been a hard task to select the best and most representative for this book. Those we offer are recorded faithfully as they were given, and the only editing the melody has received consists in the fact that one form rather than another has been chosen for the harmonies and for the procrustean bed of print. The words in this series have been rather more freely dealt with. They have sometimes survived only in a mutilated form. People remember short tunes more faithfully than long sets of words. The ballad-mongers supply the defect, but they often edit the words out of all vigour and vivacity. To restore the original is hardly possible, or if possible it can only be done by a bolder treatment than we ventured upon in the First Series. The words have been re-cast without hesitation where they were mere doggerel or obscure.

The title, Folk Songs from Somerset, is designed to shew that in the opinion of the editors folk-song is only local in the sense that it survives here or there. The themes and words at any rate are not essentially of Somerset, any more than they are of Norfolk, of Scotland, or even of Iceland. They happen to have been caught here. That is all; and we are anxious

to avoid the error of the Scottish collectors, who were first and greatest in this field, and therefore naturally imagined that every ballad which could be found in Scotland referred to some definite event, mostly about the time of the Regent Moray. Now great numbers of ballads, hitherto the undisputed booty of the acquisitive Scots, live and thrive equally in Somerset. We have, in these two books, printed the English form of Bonnie Annie, Geordie, Johnnie Faa, O my Luve's like a red, red rose, Earl Richard, Henry Martin and Lord Donald. We have found also Lord Bateman, O Waly, Waly, Broomfield Hill, The Outlandish Knight, John Barleycorn, The Crab Fish, Lord Lovel and others. We claim then that our themes are from Somerset and not necessarily of it. We are ready to admit that even Bruton Town, Glastonbury Town, Taunton Dean, The Hazelbury Girl, and the Crewkerne Wife are not necessarily native here, in spite of their names, and in return we venture to point out that similarly Widdicombe Fair and the Scots ballads are not peculiar to Devon or to Scotland. Their themes are not of local origin nor is their tradition confined to any one parish or province. The melodies are another matter. If enough of these are ever collected (before they perish) to make a judgement possible it will probably be found that each county so varies the scheme of a tune that in time it develops racial traits, just as the county has developed racial traits in the music of speech.

The impenitent editors offer no apology for including so many love-songs in the work. In all nations most of the folk-songs are love-songs, and our own is no exception. Our fathers, to do them justice, did not fight shy of "the dearest theme, that ever warmed a minstrel's dream." Nor to judge from the drawing-room ballads are their sons above a love-song. We are content cheerfully to challenge a comparison between the two treatments of the same theme.

In this book there are sixteen modal songs, which epithet means that they are cast in those old church scales, which went out of use in the last days of Queen Elizabeth and they cannot well be of later date. The twenty-seven songs have been given us by some eighteen singers, of whom only six were under seventy years of age. Twelve had passed the limit of seventy years and three of these were over eighty. So hardly have the melodies been rescued from destroying Time! The best of the collection come from the oldest singers. The Drowned Lover from Mr. J. Bale at Bridgwater, Robin

Hood from Mr. Larcombe of Hazelbury, with the Lads of Sweet Europe and the Lowlands low, both from Mr. Dibble at Bridgwater, were sung by men whose ages are 75, 82 and 85 years. It seems immeasurably stupid to allow such melodies to die out, for want of a little insight, as these have nearly died. The tunes have been collected : seven from Hambridge ; three each from Langport and Bridgwater ; two each from Huish Episcopi, Harptree, Donyatt, Curry Rivel and Shepton Beauchamp ; and one from Merriott, Hazelbury-Plucknett and Ilminster respectively. Whole sections of the county have not been examined at all, and the editors would welcome further aid in the work, which could be rendered by making diligent and kindly inquiry after old songs, and when these are found by reporting their names and the general character of the tunes to either of them. It also helps the song hunter greatly, if he is introduced by some one well-known to the singer.

We are sometimes asked, by modest singers, to tell them how these songs should be rendered, and to that question we can only answer that traditionally they are sung with great simplicity and directness, with the even time of a dance song which many of them actually were, and dance-song is the original meaning of the word ballad.



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FOLK-SONGS.

XXVIII. EARL RICHARD.

Allegro commodo.
mf

There was a lit - tle shep - herd maid Kept
sheep one sum - mer day: And by there came a
fair young man, Who stole her heart a - way. Line, twine, the
wil - low and the dee.

D.C.

FINE.

EARL RICHARD.

- 1 THERE was a little shepherd maid
Kept sheep one summer day :
And by there came a fair young man,
Who stole her heart away.
Line, twine, the willow and the dee.
- 2 You've stolen all my heart, young Sir,
Yourself you are to blame ;
So if your vows are made in truth,
Pray tell to me your name.
- 3 O some do call me Jack, fair maid,
And others call me John,
But when I'm in the king's own court,
They call me sweet William.
- 4 My lord the king, I'll cry to him :
He'll do a maiden right.
To woo and mock a shepherd maid
It ill becomes a knight.
- 5 The king called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three—
Earl Richard used to head them all,
But far behind came he.
- 6 But now he brought up fifty pound,
Brought up all in a glove :
Take this, take this, fair maid and go
And seek some other love.
- 7 No, I want none of thy red gold,
Nor any of thy fee,
But I will have thy body fair,
The king has given me.
- 8 Earl Richard frowned, Earl Richard sighed ;
An angry man was he :
If I should wed but a shepherd maid,
Thou'l rue it bitterly.
- 9 The dogs shall eat the wheaten flour,
And thou shall eat the bran :
I'll make thee rue the day and hour
That ever thou wert born.
- 10 I care not for your threats, my Love,
Nor all your words of ill :
You're vowed to wed the shepherd maid,
Kept sheep upon the hill.
Line, twine, the willow and the dee.

XXIX. I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

Con spirito.

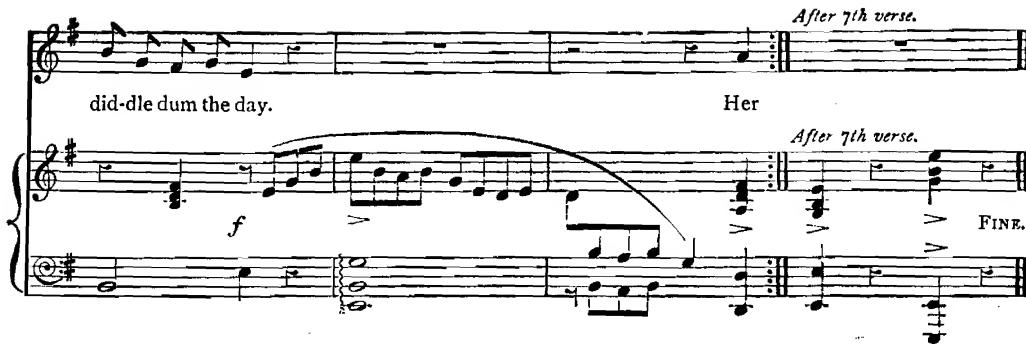
As I walk'd out one

f

May morn-ing, One May morn-ing so ear-ly, I.....

o - ver - took a hand - some maid, Just..... as the sun was

ris - ing. With my rue dum day, fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol, the



I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

1 As I walked out one May morning,
 One May morning so early,
 I overtook a handsome maid,
 Just as the sun was rising.
 With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol,
 Fol the dol, the diddle dum the day.

2 Her shoes were bright, her stockings white,
 Her buckles shone like silver ;
 She had a black and rolling eye,
 And her hair hung down her shoulder.
 With my rue dum day, etc.

3 How old are you, my fair, pretty maid ?
 How old are you, my honey ?
 She answered me quite cheerfully :
 I'm seventeen come Sunday.
 With my rue dum day, etc.

4 Can you love me, my fair pretty maid ?
 Will you marry me, my honey ?
 She answered me right cheerfully :
 I dare not for my mammy.
 With my rue dum day, etc.

5 I went down to her mammy's house ;
 The moon was shining clearly,
 I sang beneath her window pane :
 Your soldier loves you dearly.
 With my rue dum day, etc.

6 O soldier, will you marry me ?
 For now's your time or never :
 For if you do not marry me,
 My heart is broke for ever.
 With my rue dum day, etc.

7 And now she is the soldier's wife ;
 And sails across the brine O !
 The drum and fife is my delight,
 And a merry man is mine, O !
 With my rue dum day, etc.

With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol,
 Fol the dol, the diddle dum the day.

XXX. HENRY MARTIN.

Allegro moderato. *p*

There were three bro-thers in mer-ry Scot-land, In

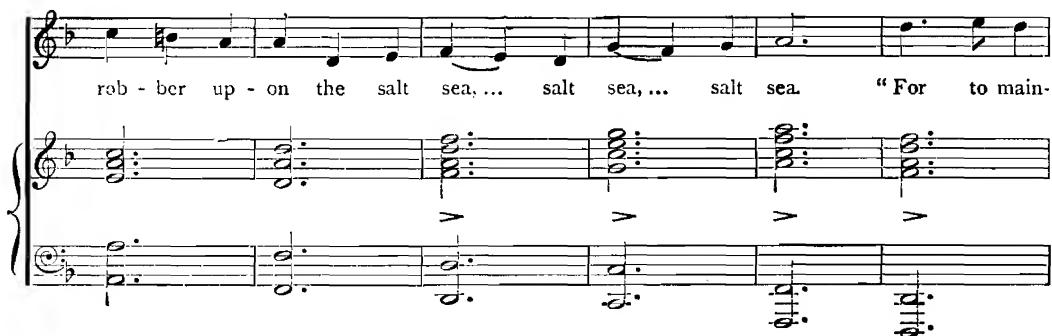
Scot-land there liv'd bro-thers three;..... And lots they did cast which should

rob on the sea, salt sea, salt sea. "For to main-tain my two

bro-thers and me."..... The lot it did fall up-on Hen-ry Mar-

6

- tin, The young - est of all..... the three, All for to turn


rob - ber up - on the salt sea, ... salt sea, ... salt sea. "For to main-


tain my two bro-thers and me."..... He had not been sail - ing but a


long win - ter's night And a part of a short win - ter's day, Be -


- fore he es - pi - ed a lof - ty stout ship,... stout ship,... stout

ship, Come..... a - bib - bing down on him straight

1st & 2nd times. way..... *Last time.* How sea.....

p *mf*

HENRY MARTIN.

- 1 THERE were three brothers in merry Scotland,
In Scotland there lived brothers three ;
And lots they did cast which should rob on the sea, salt sea, salt sea.
“ For to maintain my two brothers and me.”
- 2 The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin,
The youngest of all the three,
All for to turn robber upon the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea.
“ For to maintain my two brothers and me.”
- 3 He had not been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day,
Before he espied a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout ship,
Come a-bibbing down on him straight way.
- 4 How far are you bound for ? cried Henry Martin ;
O where are you bound for ? cried he.
I'm a rich merchant ship bound for merry England, England, England,
Therefore I will you to let me pass free.
- 5 O no ! O no ! cried Henry Martin,
That thing it never could be ;
For I've turned a robber all on the salt sea, salt sea, salt sea,
For to maintain my two brothers and me.
- 6 Come lower your topsail and brail up your mizzen,
And bring your ship under my lee,
Or a full flowing ball I will fire at your tail, your tail, your tail,
All your dear bodies drown in the salt sea.
- 7 With broadside and broadside and at it they went,
For fully two hours or three,
When Henry Martin gave to her the death shot, the death shot, the
Heavily listing to starboard went she. [death shot ;
- 8 The rich merchant ship she was wounded full sore ;
Right down to the bottom went she.
And Henry Martin sailed away on the sea, salt sea, salt sea.
“ For to maintain my two brothers and me.”
- 9 Bad news ! bad news ! unto fair London town,
Bad news I ~~will~~ tell unto thee :
They've robbed a rich vessel and she's cast away, cast away, cast away ;
All the bold sailors drowned in the salt sea.

XXXI. SOVAY, SOVAY.

Allegro ma non troppo.

So - vay, So - vay, all on one
S.

mf

day, She drest her - self in man's ar - ray, With a brace of
pis - tols hang-ing by her side, To meet her true Love and a - way did
ride. With a brace of pis - tols hanging by her side, To meet her



SOVAY, SOVAY.

- 1 Sovay, Sovay, all on one day,
She drest herself in man's array,
With a brace of pistols hanging by her side,
To meet her true Love and away did ride.
- 2 As she was riding over the plain,
She caught his horse by the bridle rein :
Stand, and deliver, kind sir, she said,
Or else this moment I shall shoot you dead.
- 3 When she had got his gold and store,
O then she said : There's one thing more,
There's a diamond ring I see that you wear,
Deliver that and your life I'll spare.
- 4 My ring of love a token was ;
That ring I'll keep, though my life I lose.
Then she deserted much like a dove,
And away she rode from her own true Love.
- 5 Next day this couple they were seen,
Like lovers true in a garden green.
He spied his watch-chain hanging on her clothes,
Which made him redden like any rose.
- 6 What makes you blush, you silly thing ?
You never lost your diamond ring :
'Twas I that robbed you all on the plain,
So take your gold, my Love, and watch and chain.
- 7 What made you run such a harden trot ?
Suppose I had my pistol shot ?
Had shot at random and shot you through,
All in the clothes that I did not know ?
- 8 I only did it for to know
Whether you were loyal, yes or no,
Since thus your worth I can divine,
My heart, my hand and my all are thine.

XXXII. THE DROWNED LOVER.

Animante aetereo.

As I was a - walking down in Stokes Bay, I..... met a drowned
 sai - lor on the beach as he lay: And as I drew nigh him, it....

put me to a stand, When I knew it was my own true Love, by the mark on his hand.

O why went he sailing from his own dear shore, For to

face those great storm winds and the seas that do a - roar? I said when we

part-ed and he swore to come a - gain: My heart tells me, my own true Love, I shall

see you. no more. O...

3 O what now are to thee, my Love, these breasts I beat?
 And what joy in this golden hair, I tear at thy feet?
 By thy side, on the sand, in thine arms let me lie:
 I shall hold thy dear hand, my Love, once more while I die.

4 To Robin's green churchyard, bear us this day:
 Mark all you pretty fair maids that pass by this way,
 'Twas cruel, cruel weather flung a true Love on shore:
 It is only in this hapless grave, we are parted no more.

XXXIII. THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Con espressione.

Down by some crys - tal

spring, where the night - in - gales sing, Most plea - sant it is, in

sea - son, to hear the groves ring. Down by the ri - ver

side, a young cap - tain I es - pi - ed, En - treat-ing of.... his...

Dear

After last verse.

FINE.

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

- 1 Down by some crystal spring, where the nightingales sing,
Most pleasant it is, in season, to hear the groves ring.
Down by the river side, a young captain I espied,
Entreating of his true Love, for to be his bride.
- 2 Dear Phyllis, says he, can you fancy me?
All in your soft bowers a crown it shall be :
You shall take no pain, I will you maintain,
My ship she's a loaded just come in from Spain.
- 3 And whenever you dine, there you shall drink wine ;
And so sweetly in the season then you shall be mine.
Like a lady so rare, I'll maintain you so fair ;
There's no lady in the navy with you shall compare.
- 4 There are young men I know, great kindness will show,
They will offer and proffer much more than they'll do ;
And whenever they can find a maiden that's kind,
With laughing and chaffing they'll change like the wind :
- 5 But if e'er I prove false to my soft little dove
May the ocean turn desert ; and the elements move ;
For wherever I shall be, I'll be constant to thee.
My heart is no rover, if I rove through the sea.

XXXIV. GREEN BUSHES.

Allegretto.

p

f

p

As

I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in Spring, For to hear the birds

p

whis - tle and the night - in - gale sing, I saw a young dam - sel, so

mf

p

mf

sweet - ly sang she : Down by the Green Bush - es he



GREEN BUSHES.

- 1 As I was a-walking one morning in Spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the nightingale sing,
I saw a young damsel, so sweetly sang she :
Down by the Green Bushes he vows to meet me.
- 2 I stepp-ed up to her and thus I did say :
Why wait you my fair one, so long by way ?
My true Love, my true Love, so sweetly sang she,
Down by the Green Bushes he vowed to meet me.
- 3 I'll buy you fine beavers and a fine silken gownd,
I will buy you fine petticoats with the flounce to the
If you will prove loyal and constant to me [ground,
And forsake your own true Love, I'll be married to thee.
- 4 I want none of your petticoats and your fine silken shows :
I never was so poor as to marry for clothes ;
But if you will prove loyal and be constant to me
I'll forsake my own true Love and get married to thee.
- 5 Come let us be going, kind sir, if you please ;
Come let us be going from beneath the green trees,
For my true Love is coming down yonder I see,
Down by the Green Bushes, where he thinks to meet me.
- 6 And when he came there and he found she was gone,
He stood like some lambkin, and cried : I'm undone !
She has gone with some other, she's false unto me,
So adieu to Green Bushes for ever, cried he.

XXXV. DABBING IN THE DEW.

Allegro commodo.

mf

O where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, With your red ro - sie cheeks, and your

mf

coal - black hair? I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, kind Sir, she an - swered me, And it's

p

dab - bling in the dew makes the milk - maids fair. *Sup -*

cres.

- pose I were to clothe you, my pret - ty lit - tle dear, In a green silk - en gown and the

p

Sheet music for 'The Milk-maids' featuring two staves. The top staff is for voice and piano, with lyrics: 'am - e - thyt rare? O no, Sir, O no, Sir, kind Sir, she answered me, For it's'. The piano part includes a crescendo (cres.) and a dynamic marking 'mf'. The bottom staff is for piano, with a dynamic marking 'dim.' and a final dynamic 'p FINE.' The section ends with a repeat sign and 'D.C.'

- 1 O WHERE are you going to, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosie cheeks, and your coal black hair ?
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me,
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
- 2 Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare ?
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
- 3 Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair ?
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
- 4 Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year ?
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
- 5 O, but London's a city, my pretty little dear,
And all men are gallant and brave that are there—
O no sir, O no sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.
- 6 O fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair.
What's a ring on the finger, if rings are round the eye ?
But it's dabbling in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.

XXXVI. THE CORNISH YOUNG MAN.

Allegretto grazioso.

Cor - nish young man, he dream - ed a dream Of the
 beau - ti - fullest girl in the na - tion; No
 coun - sel will he take, but some jour - nies will he



THE CORNISH YOUNG MAN.

- 1 A CORNISH young man, he dreamed a dream
Of the beautifulst girl in the nation ;
No counsel will he take, but some journeys will he make,
Through England to seek this fair creature.
- 2 'Twas seven long years that he sought all about,
Till he came to the place where he met her.
He opened the door, and she stood on the floor ;
She's a silly poor labouring man's daughter.
- 3 I never have seen you but once in my life,
When you, in a dream, Love, stood by me ;
But now I have found you ; with tears in my eyes
I hope, Love, you'll never deny me.
- 4 What is your desire ? I ask you, kind sir,
That you are afraid of denial ?
Although I am poor, no scorns I'll endure,
So put me not under the trial.
- 5 No scorns will I offer ; but rather a ring,
And between us, Love, let it be broken.
Here's a guinea in gold, and I am so bold
As to give you a kiss for a token.
- 6 Your love is, my dear, like a stone in a sling :
And it's hard to believe all that's spoken.
I'll hear no such thing, so take up your ring
And between us never let it be broken.
- 7 But the labouring man's daughter has married the knight.
She is beautiful still in her station.
For now he has gain-ed his dream and delight,
The beautifulst girl in this nation.

XXXVII. JUST AS THE TIDE WAS A-FLOWING.

Allegro ma non troppo.

One morn - ing in the month of May, Down by a roll - ing

p

ri - ver, A jol - ly sai - lor, I did stray, There

cres.

I be - held some lov - er. She care - less - ly a -

cres.

- long did stray, A - view - ing of the dai - sies gay; She

rall.

colla voce.

a tempo.

JUST AS THE TIDE WAS A-FLOWING.

1 ONE morning in the month of May,
 Down by a rolling river,
 A jolly sailor, I did stray,
 There I beheld some lover.
 She carelessly along did stray,
 A-viewing of the daisies gay ;
 She sweetly sung a roundelay,
 Just as the tide was a-flowing.

2 Her dress it was as white as milk,
 And jewels did adorn her ;
 Her shoes were of the crimson silk,
 Just like some maid of honour. [brown,
 Her cheeks were red, her eyes were
 Her hair in ringlets hanging down ;
 Her lovely brow without a frown,
 Just as the tide was a-flowing.

3 I made a bow and said : Fair maid,
 How came you here so early ?
 My heart by you it is attrayed,
 And I could love you dearly.
 I am a sailor come from sea :
 Will you accept my company ?
 For to walk and view the fishes play
 Just as the tide was a-flowing.

4 No more we said, but on our way
 We both did stroll together. [play
 The small birds sung and the lambs did
 And pleasant was the weather.
 She gave me twenty pound in store,
 Saying : Meet me when you will, there's
 For my jolly sailor I adore. [more ;
 Just as the tide was a-flowing.

5 We both shook hands and off did steer.
 Jack Tar drinks rum and brandy.
 To keep his ship mates in good cheer,
 The lady's gold is handy ;
 With all his mates he now can go,
 Where songs are sung round logs aglow.
 Success to the girl that will do so,
 Just as the tide was a-flowing.

XXXVIII. ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

p Allegro moderato.

When I was young and in my prime, my age just... twen - ty -

one, Then I.... be - came a ser - vant un - to some gen - tle -

man. I.... served him true and hon - est, and that is ve - ry well

known, But... cru - el - ly he ban - ish'd me from E - rin's love - ly



ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

- 1 WHEN I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty-one,
Then I became a servant unto some gentleman.
I served him true and honest, and that is very well known,
But cruelly he banished me from Erin's lovely home.
- 2 'Twas in her father's garden, all in the month of June,
His daughter viewed those pretty flowers so freshly in their bloom.
She said : My dearest Johnnie, if with me you will roam,
We'll bid farewell to all our friends, and Erin's lovely home.
- 3 That very night I gave consent along with her to go,
Forth from her father's dwelling place. It proved my overthrow.
The night shone fair with pale moonlight. We both set off alone,
A-thinking we'd got safe away from Erin's lovely home.
- 4 But when we came to Belfast, at the breaking of the day,
And we were both aboard the ship and nearly now away.
Her father dragged me back to gaol i' the county of Tyrone,
And thence I was a banished man from Erin's lovely home.
- 5 I heard my cruel sentence : it grieved my heart full sore,
But parting with my true Love was the heavier grief I bore.
Seven links there were upon my chain, and every link a year,
Before I could return again to see my dearest dear.
- 6 But when the rout came to the gaol to take us all away,
My true Love, she ran up to me, and thus to me did say :
Bear up true heart, be not afraid, for it's you I'll never disown,
Come back and find me waiting still in Erin's lovely home.

XXXIX. THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Allegretto.

O fare you well my true true Love, And
 fare you well for a while: But wher - ev - er I go, I
 will re - turn, If I row ten thou - sand mile, my dear, If I
 row ten thou - sand mile.

colla voce. *rall.* *D.C.* *FINE.*

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

- 1 O FARE you well my true true Love,
And fare you well for a while :
But wherever I go, I will return,
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I row ten thousand mile.
- 2 Ten thousand mile is a long, long way ;
You never will return :
You will leave me here to lament and sigh,
But you will not hear me mourn, my dear,
But you will not hear me mourn.
- 3 To hear you mourn I cannot bear ;
I cannot hear you sigh :
But I never shall prove false to thee,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.
- 4 The rivers they shall all run dry,
The rocks melt with the sun ;
But still I'll not prove false to thee,
Though all these things be done, my dear,
Though all these things be done.

XL. THE LITTLE TURTLE DOVE.

Andante con passione.

O can't you see yon lit - tle tur - tle dove Sit - ting

un - der the mul - ber - ry tree? See how that she doth

mourn for her true love: And I shall mourn for thee, my dear, And

I shall mourn for thee.

D.C.

colla voce.

rall.

FINE.

THE LITTLE TURTLE DOVE.

- 1 O can't you see yon little turtle dove
Sitting under the mulberry tree ?
See how that she doth mourn for her true Love
And I shall mourn for thee, my dear,
And I shall mourn for thee.
- 2 O fare thee well, my little turtle dove,
And fare thee well for a-while :
But though I go I'll surely come again ;
If I go ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I go ten thousand mile.
- 3 Ten thousand mile is very far away,
For you to return to me.
You leave me here to lament, and well-a-day !
My tears you will not see, my Love,
My tears you will not see.
- 4 The crow that's black, my little turtle dove,
Shall change its colour white ;
Before I'm false to the maiden that I love,
The noon-day shall be night, my dear,
The noon-day shall be night.
- 5 The hills shall fly, my little turtle dove,
The roaring billows burn,
Before my heart shall suffer me to fail,
Or I a traitor turn, my dear,
Or I a traitor turn.

XLI. TARRY TROWSERS.

Moderato.

As I was a-walk - ing one May morn - ing, Un - der the sun - light
 shin - ing and clear, Whom did I meet, but a ten - der mo - ther,
 Talk - ing with her daugh - ter dear?
 daugh - ter, O daugh - ter, I'd have you to mar - ry; Live no ... long - er

- 1 As I was a-walking one May morning,
Under the sunlight shining and clear,
Whom did I meet, but a tender mother,
Talking with her daughter dear ?
- 2 O daughter, O daughter, I'd have you to marry ;
Live no longer single and sad.
No, said she, I would sooner tarry,
Tarry for my sailor lad.
- 3 The soldiers and sailors are all for a ramble,
Off to foreign lands they will fly :
They will forget you, broken hearted,
While they face the enemy.
- 4 I know you'd have me marry a farmer,
Rob me of my heart's delight :
Give me the lad whose tarry trowsers
Shine to me like diamonds bright.
- 5 O, dearest, would that I were but with you,
No foreign dangers would I fear !
'Mid all the smoke and the noise of battle,
I'd attend on you, my dear.
- 6 Hark ! how the great guns roar and rattle,
When through the smoke our foes appear !
Give me my lad in the hour of battle,
There my heart is with my dear.

XLII. THE CRAFTY LOVER

OR, THE LAWYER OUTWITTED.

Allegro moderato.

mf

A Coun-cil - lor had but one child and no more, Whose

un - cle had left her a for - tune in store; And all he could do, by the

law he would do To pro - tect her from suit - ors, who hur - ried to woo.

But the Squire's young son, he made light of the law, And she owned that she lov'd him as

soon as she saw. Though I own that I love you, she said with a sigh, If you wed me, my
dear, you are cer - tain to die.

- 1 A COUNCILLOR had but one child and no more,
Whose uncle had left her a fortune in store ;
And all he could do, by the law he would do
To protect her from suitors, who hurried to woo.
- 2 But the squire's young son, he made light of the law,
And she owned that she loved him as soon as she saw.
Though I own that I love you, she said with a sigh,
If you wed me, my dear, you are certain to die.
- 3 Not I, said the lover : ten guineas I'll take
And I'll fee your own father some counsel to make.
He'll think me some stranger and hark to my suit ;
I shall win both my head and my lady to boot.
- 4 That gold, the old father right glad was to see.
Ride behind on her horse and you're safe, answered he.
Complain that she stole you, and no one can sue,
That's the law, so I counsel and seal it to you.
- 5 Next day off they gallop, are married full soon,
Now the councillor vowed he should die before noon.
Hold sir, said the gallant, and look at this deed,
A councillor wrote, let a councillor read.
- 6 Poor man, how he stared ! and he read till he smiled :
I own I'm outwitted and merry beguiled.
My son, take the blessing I give as is fit.
And may beauty and fortune go always to wit !

XLIII. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

Con spirito. *mf*

Bold Ar - der went forth one sum - mer morn - ing, To

f *p*

view the mer - ry green wood; For to hunt for the deer that

run here and there, And there he es - pied Ro - bin Hood, Aye... and

there he es - pied Ro - bin Hood..... What a fel - low art thou? quoth

bold Ro-bin Hood, And what is thy bus - i - ness here? For

now to be brief, thou dost look like a thief, And come for to steal the king's

2nd, 4th, 6th & 8th verses.

deer, Aye..... and come for to steal the king's deer.....

Last verse. *f*

too. That thing shall not be, says bold Ro-bin Hood, For

he is a he - ro so bold; For..... he has best

played, he is mas-ter of his trade And by no man shall he be con - troll'd,

rall. Aye, and by no man shall he be con - troll'd. *a tempo.*

ff rall. *ff a tempo.*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

- 1 BOLD Arder went forth one summer morning,
To view the merry green wood ;
For to hunt for the deer that run here and there,
And there he espied Robin Hood,
Aye, and there he espied Robin Hood.
- 2 What a fellow art thou? quoth bold Robin Hood,
And what is thy business here?
For now to be brief, thou dost look like a thief,
And come for to steal the king's deer,
Aye, and come for to steal the king's deer.
- 3 No ! I am the keeper of this parish ;
The king hath a-put me in trust :
And therefore I pray thee to get on thy way,
Or else to up-stand 'ee I must,
Aye, or else to up-stand 'ee I must.
- 4 'Tis thou must have more partakers in store,
Before thou up-stand me in deed ;
For I have a staff, he is made of ground graffe
And I warrant he'll do my deed,
Aye, and I warrant he'll do my deed.
- 5 And I have another, quoth bold Robin Hood,
He's made of an oaken tree :
He's eight foot and a half, and would knock down a calf,
And why should'nt a knock down thee?
Aye, and why should'nt a knock down thee?
- 6 Let us measure our staves, says bold Robin Hood,
Before we begin and away.
If by half a foot mine should be longer than thine,
Then that should be counted foul play,
Aye, and that should be counted foul play.
- 7 Then at it they went, for bang for bang,
The space of two hours or more.
Every blow they swing made the grove to ring ;
And they play their game so sure,
Aye, they play their game so sure.
- 8 Then bold Robin Hood drew forth bugle horn,
And he blew it both loud and shrill.
And direct thereupon, he espied little John,
Come running a-down the hill,
Aye, come running adown the hill.
- 9 O what is the matter? then said little John,
You are not doing well, he cried.
O says bold Robin Hood, here's a tanner so good
And I warrant he's tanned my hide,
Aye, I warrant he's tanned my hide.
- 10 If he's such a tanner, then says little John,
A tanner that tans so true,
We'll make a no doubt, but we'll have a fresh bout
And I warrant he'll tan my hide too,
Aye, I warrant he'll tan my hide too.
- 11 That thing shall not be, says bold Robin Hood,
For he is a hero so bold ;
For he has best played, he is master of his trade
And by no man shall he be controlled,
Aye, and by no man shall he be controlled.

XLIV. THE LOW LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND.

Allegretto.

'Twas just when my Love was to mar - ry me, That night he lay on his
 bed ; The cap - tain came to... his bed - side, These words to him he
 said : A - rise, a - rise from your sleep, young man, And
 come a - long with me, with me, To the low low lands of Hol - land To



THE LOW LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND

OR

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

'TWAS just when my Love was to marry
 That night he lay on his bed ; [me,
 The captain came to his bedside,
 These words to him he said :
 Arise, arise from your sleep, young man,
 And come along with me, with me,
 To the low low lands of Holland,
 To face your enemy.

2 But Holland is a cold place,
 A place where grows no green,
 There could not be a colder place
 For my love to wander in.
 Though my money was as plentiful
 As the leaves upon the tree,
 Yet before I'd time to turn myself,
 My love was stolen from me.

5 There's not a swaith goes round my waist,
 Nor a comb goes in my hair :
 Neither fire light nor candle light
 Can ease my heart's despair.
 Until the day that I shall die
 A maiden I shall be,
 Since the low low lands of Holland
 Depart my love and me.

3 I could build my love a ship,
 If it were not now in vain,
 With four and twenty seamen bold
 To box her on the main. [glee
 They could rant and roar in sparkling
 Wheresome ever they might go,
 To the low low lands of Holland
 To face the daring foe.

4 Says my mother : Dearest daughter,
 What makes you to lament ?
 There are lords and dukes and squires,
 Who can ease your heart's content.
 But till the day that I shall die
 I'll never married be,
 Since the low low lands of Holland
 Depart my love and me.

XLV. THE BROKEN TOKEN.

Con grazia.

2/4 3/4 2/4 3/4

p *cres.* *dim.* *p*

O mar - ry me you pret - ty mai - den, I've ne - ver seen be -

p

cres.

- fore a face so fair. You sure - ly were not

cres.

mf

made to live a - lone, So take a sai - lor -

mf



THE BROKEN TOKEN.

- 1 O MARRY me you pretty maiden,
I've never seen before a face so fair.
You surely were not made to live alone,
So take a sailor—all his love and fortune share.
- 2 I have a sweetheart of my own, sir,
Full seven long years he has been gone from me ;
'Tis seven more that I will wait for him,
If he is living, he'll return and marry me.
- 3 But sev'n long years make an alteration.
Think you he may be either dead or drowned.
Oh, if he's living I shall love him well,
But if he's dead, no other man like him is found.
- 4 I've half a token, of our parting,
Maybe the other rolls beneath the sea.
Nay ! drive him from your mind, and melt like snow
As when the morning sun lights up the chilly lea.
- 5 He'd coal-black eyes, and hair so curly,
And O he spoke so honest, brave and fine ;
Not words like yours. Take you this piece of gold—
But the dark-eyed sailor boy still claims this heart of mine.
- 6 Up in his arms, he did embrace her,
He gave her kisses, one and two and three :
I am that single sailor come from sea,
And just ashore at last, my Love, to marry thee.

XLVI. SWEET EUROPE.

Andante grazioso.

As I walk-ed

out one May morn-ing in Spring, To hear the birds whis - tie and the

col - ley bird sing, I heard a fair dam - sel a -

- mak - ing her moan, Say-ing : I am a stran - ger so



SWEET EUROPE.

- 1 As I walked out one May morning in Spring,
To hear the birds whistle and the colley bird sing,
I heard a fair damsel a-making her moan,
Saying : I am a stranger so far from my home.
- 2 O where is your country, I long for to know ?
And what the misfortunes that you undergo,
That cause you to wander so far from your home,
And make you to weep in the deserts alone ?
- 3 The lads of sweet Europe they're stout roving blades ;
They delight them in courting and in kissing pretty maids.
They'll kiss them and court them and swear they'll be true,
And the very next moment they will go and leave you.
- 4 Their eyes were afire and as black as a coal ;
And through my poor bosom they burnt a big hole.
They praised me, caressed me, and told many lies
As the hairs on my head or the stars in the skies.
- 5 Believe me, dear Jewel, the case is not so,
There's a lad in sweet Europe, I'd have you to know,
He will love you so truly and never will roam,
And has no other sweetheart a-mourning at home.

XLVII. AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

SECOND VERSION.

Andante grazioso.

As I walked through the meadows to

take the fresh air, The flowers were bloom-ing and gay; I

heard a young dam-sel so sweet-ly a-sing, Her cheeks like the blos-som in

May. Said FINE.

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

- 1 As I walked through the meadows to take the fresh air,
The flowers were blooming and gay ;
I heard a young damsel so sweetly a-sing,
Her cheeks like the blossom in May.
- 2 Said I : Pretty maid shall I go with you
In the meadows to gather some may ?
She answered : O no, sir, my pathway is here,
Any other would lead me astray.
- 3 So she pattered along with her dear little feet,
But I followed and soon came a-near ;
And I called her so pretty, so dapper and pert,
That she took me at last for her dear.
- 4 I took the fair maid by her lily-white hand,
On the green bushy bank we sat down,
Then I placèd a kiss on her sweet ruby lips ;
A tree spread its branches around.
- 5 So when we did rise from the green bushy grove,
In the meadows we wandered away,
And I placèd my love on a primérose bank,
While I picked her a handful of may.
- 6 It was early next morning I made her my bride,
Our vows in the church for to pay.
So bells they did ring and the bride she did sing
As I crowned her the sweet Queen of May.

XLVIII. THE IRISH BULL.

Con spirito.

A Pad - dy from

FINE. *mf*

Cork, the truth for to tell, Came o - ver to Liv - er-pool, and

was not used well. He went in - to a bar - ber'sshop, it was to get

shaved, But an' old ug - ly mon - key un - to Pad - dy ill be -



- 1 A PADDY from Cork, the truth for to tell,
Came over to Liverpool, and was not used well.
He went into a barber's shop, it was to get shaved,
But an old ugly monkey unto Paddy ill behaved.
To my diddle dol de di do,
Diddle dol de dee.
- 2 Can you shave a wild Irishman come from the seas?
He looked with a wink and a nod in his face.
He catched up the lather box into his paws,
And he banged up the lather for to lather Paddy's jaws.
- 3 O then it was the razor he did begin to use,
And the very first stroke, nearly cut off Paddy's nose.
He lathered and he shaved him and he cut him full sore :
Like a bull at a stake, O poor Paddy he did roar.
- 4 The barber came in and trembled with fear,
To hear a wild Irishman curse, stamp, and swear.
O what is the matter, Pat friend ? said he.
Don't you see how your father in shaving has cut me ?
- 5 It is not my father, long time he has been dead.
O then it's thy old grandfer with his white, bald head.
He's gone up the chimney and dare not come down,
If he does, sure-a-man, I'll crack his old crown.
- 6 Then Pat he holloaed murder, and he ran up the street,
When one of his countrymen he chanced for to meet ;
And seeing him a-bleeding, he pitied his case : [face ?
Good-morning to thee Paddy, ah, but whos' a cut thee
- 7 O, I went into the barber's shop it was to get shaved,
Where an old, ugly monkey unto me ill behaved.
He lathered and he shaved me and he cut me as you see,
He was dressed like a man, ah, but 'twas a monkee.
- 8 To be sure that old rascal he must have been mad,
But he's a-cut thee nose and thee chin very bad :
But come in this old grog shop, the story for to tell,
And a glass of good whiskey, will soon make thee well.
To my diddle dol de di do,
Diddle dol de dee.

XLIX. MIDSUMMER FAIR.

Allegretto.

mf *S.*

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend

f *p* *S.*

me the grey mare, An - to - be - lone, a - lal - lee - la - lee, That

I may go ride to some Mid - sum - mer Fair. To my oor, bag boor, bag

nig - ger, bag wal - ler and ban - ta - ba - loo. *D.C. dal S.* But

D.C. dal S.

rall. *FINE.*

Ped. *

MIDSUMMER FAIR.

- 1 Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me the grey mare,
An-to-be-lone, a-lallee-lal-lee,
That I may go ride to some Midsummer Fair,
To my oor, bag boor, bag nigger, bag waller and ban-ta-ba-loo.

- 2 But can you return my grey mare again soon ?
An-to-be-lone, a-lallee-lal-lee,
By Friday night or Saturday noon,
To my oor, bag boor, bag nigger, bag waller and ban-ta-ba-loo.

- 3 But Friday was gone and Saturday come,
An-to-be-lone, a-lallee-lal-lee,
And yet the grey mare was not a come home,
To my oor, bag boor, bag nigger, bag waller and ban-ta-ba-loo.

- 4 So off I went to the top o' the hill,
An-to-be-lone, a-lallee-lal-lee,
And saw the grey mare had been making her will,
To my oor, bag boor, bag nigger, bag waller and ban-ta-ba-loo.

- 5 And how did you know it was Tommy's grey mare ?
An-to-be-lone, a-lallee-lal-lee,
By three new shoes and t'other one bare,
To my oor, bag boor, bag nigger, bag waller and ban-ta-ba-loo.

- 6 If ever I'm asked my horses to lend,
An-to-be-lone, a-lallee-lal-lee,
I whisper this song in the ear of my friend,
To my oor, bag boor, bag nigger, bag waller and ban-ta-ba-loo.

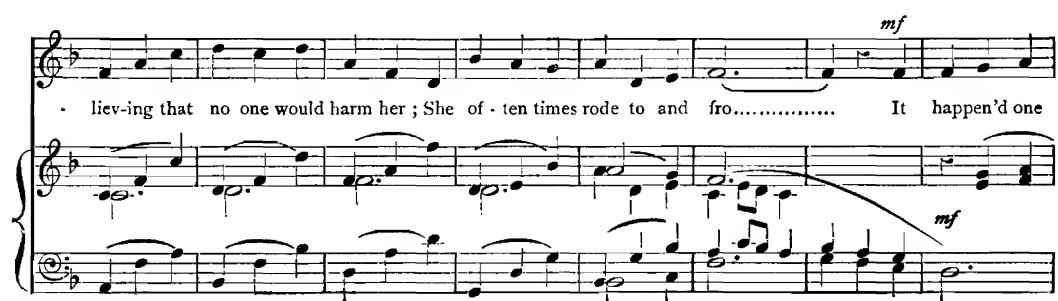
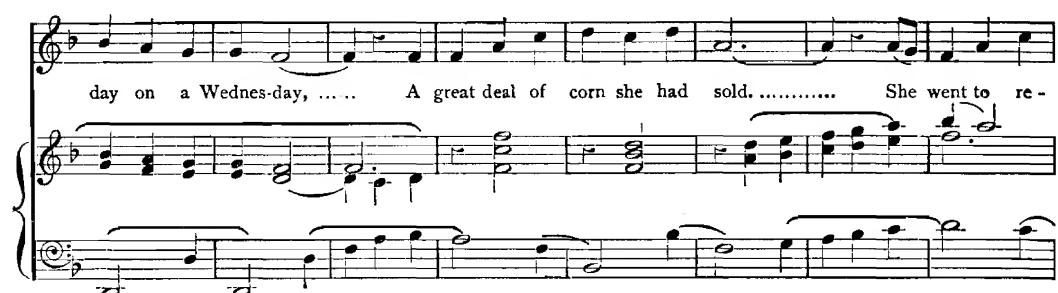
L. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

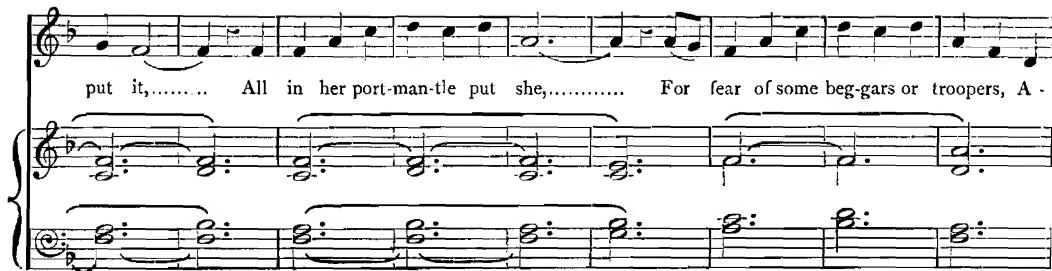
Allegro ma non troppo.

p



mf

1 IN Devonshire lived a rich farmer,
His daughter to market did go,
Believing that no one would harm her ;
She oftentimes rode to and fro.

2 It happened one day on a Wednesday,
A great deal of corn she had sold.
She went to receive every penny ;
They paid her in silver and gold.

3 All in her portmantle she put it,
All in her portmantle put she,
For fear of some beggars or troopers,
A-robbing all on the highway.

4 One gay gallant trooper she met with,
He bade this poor damsel to stay.
She would not have stayed for the heavens,
But galloped along the highway.

5 He pulled this poor girl from her saddle,
He gave her his bridle to hold ;
While she stood a-shaking and bavering,
Almost a-froze with the cold.

6 She up with her foot in his stirrup,
Away she did ride like a man :
Come follow me, follow me, trooper !
Come follow me now if you can !

7 He ran but he could not get after,
His boots they were baffled in snows :
Come rein up my pretty young damsel,
I give back your money and clothes.

8 No matter, no matter ! she shouted : [told,
Here are bags where your treasure is
Your portmantle is lumpy and heavy ;
I can tell by the jingle it's gold.

9 She rode over hills, over mountains,
Till she came to her father's own gate.
Her father was sorely affrighted
To see her come home in her white :

10 O where have you been to my daughter ?
O where have you tarried so long ?
Some very rough wars I have met with ;
But still I have suffered no wrong.

11 He looked in the trooper's portmantle,
And in the portmantle he found,
Large pieces of gold and of silver,
Which counted to six hundred pound.

12 Here's six hundred pound, my dear daug-
And I will add six hundred more. [ter,
You now have a plentiful fortune,
To keep the cold wind from the door.

LI. THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

FIRST VERSION.

Moderato.

On the twelfth day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me

Lento.

Twelve bells a - ring - ing, E - lev - en bulls a - beat - ing,

Ten as - ses ra - cing, Nine la - dies danc - ing,

Eight boys a-sing - ing, Seven swans a swim-ming, Six geese a - lay - ing,

accel. poco a poco e cres.

accel. poco a poco e cres.

Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds, Three French hens,

a tempo.

Two tur - tle doves And the part of ... the mis - tle - toe bough.....

D.C.

a tempo.

f

D.C.

TWELFTH VERSE. (See Note on Song.)

C

On the first day of Christ-mas my true Love sent to me,

C

C

rall.

One gold - ie ring, And the part of ... a June ap - ple tree.....

rall

LII. THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

SECOND VERSION.

Allegro moderato.

On the twelfth day of Christ - mas my true Love sent to me.....

colla voce.

Twelve bells a - ring - ing, E - lev - en bulls a - beat - ing, Ten as - ses ra - cing,

Nine la - dies danc - ing, Eight boys a - sing - ing, Sev - en swans a - swim - ming,

Six geese a - lay - ing, Five gold - ie rings, Four col - ley birds,

Three French hens, Two turtle doves And the part of a mistle - toe bough, And the

s/f

D.C. 11th Verse. (See Note to Song.)

part of a mistle - toe bough.... On the first day of Christ - mas my

D.C.

true Love sent to me,....

Lento.

One gold-ie ring And the part of a

Lento.

Tempo primo.

Tempo primo.

colla voce.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line is in common time, G major, with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "June ap - ple tree, And the part of a June ap - ple tree.....". The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line and harmonic chords. The bass line is in common time, C major, with a bass clef. The piano part includes a bass line and harmonic chords. The vocal line is in common time, G major, with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "June ap - ple tree, And the part of a June ap - ple tree.....". The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line and harmonic chords.

LIII. DICKY OF TAUNTON DEAN.

Allegro moderato.

mf 

Last New Year's night I heard them say : Young

mf 

p 

Dick - y mount - ed Dob - bin grey ; A - way he rode to Taun - ton Dean, To

f > > > >

mf

court the par - son's daugh - ter Jane. Sing fal the dal did - dle O

mf

verses 1-9. D.C. dal 

eye - gee O, Sing fal the dal did - dle O eye - gee O. His

D.C. dal 

cres. f 



DICKY OF TAUNTON DEAN.

1 LAST New Year's night I heard them
say :
Young Dicky mounted Dobbin grey ;
Away he rode to Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter Jane.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

2 His buckskin breeches he put on ;
His Sunday clothes so neatly shone.
The hat that he wore on his head
Was neatly trimmed with ribbons red.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

3 Away he trotted, and much he sweat
When he came nigh to the parson's gate,
And there he cried : Hullo, hullo !
What ! are the good people at home or
no ?
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

4 The trusty servant let him in ;
And then the courtship did begin.
Straightway he went into the hall
And aloud for parson's Jane did call.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

5 Miss Jane walked down all in a great
sway,
To hear what Dicky had got to say :
I am a good fellow although I'm poor,
I never did fall in love before.
Since fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

6 If I consent to be your bride,
What will you for me provide,
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor neither help your harvest in ?
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

7 Sometimes I reap, I plough, I sow,
And sometimes I to the market go.
The old mare's keep be corn and hay,
And she earns me sixpence every day.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

8 Sixpence a day will never do
To gird me in silks and satins too,
Besides a coach when I take the air—
Whoa ho ! says Dicky, you make me
stare.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

9 Sixpence a day that won't find meat.
But faith, says Dick, there are sacks of
wheat.
And if you consent to marry me now,
I'll feed you as fat as father's old sow.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

10 His compliments were so polite,
They made the good people laugh out-
right. [say,
So when young Dick had no more to
He mounted on Dobbin and rode away.
Sing fal the dal diddle O eye-gee O.

LIV. THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

Andante maestoso.

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part begins with a melodic line, and the piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, with the vocal line continuing through the score. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *crs.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The vocal line concludes with a melodic flourish.

Come all you jol - ly plough - men of cou - rage stout and bold, That

la - bou - r all the Win - ter through storm - y winds and cold ! To clothe your fields with

plen - ty, your farm - yards to re - new,.... To crown them with con -

- tent - ment re - mains the pain - ful plough.

p

But A - dam in the gar - den, was set to keep it right? The

cres.

length of time he stayed there, I think it was one night. And A - dam for his

f

la - bour, re - ceiv - ed not his due.... And soon he left the

rall.

D.C.

gar - den and went to hold the plough.

rall.

D.C.

a tempo.

FINE.

THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

- 1 COME all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the Winter through stormy winds and cold !
To clothe your fields with plenty, your farmyards to renew,
To crown them with contentment remains the painful plough.
- 2 But Adam in the garden, was set to keep it right ?
The length of time he stayed there, I think it was one night.
And Adam for his labour, receivèd not his due,
And soon he left the garden and went to hold the plough.
- 3 Now Adam was a ploughman, when ploughing first begun :
The next that did succeed him was Cain his eldest son.
Since then their generation this calling doth pursue ;
That bread may not be wanting, remains the painful plough.
- 4 Hold ploughman ! says the gardener, don't count your trade with ours,
But walk ye through the garden to view those early flowers,
Those rich and curious borders, those pleasant walks to view,
There's no such peace and con-tent provided by the plough.
- 5 Hold gard'ner ! says the ploughman, our calling don't despise,
Though each man for his living upon his trade relies,
Were't not for plough and ploughmen both rich and poor would rue,
For we are all depending upon the painful plough.
- 6 Behold the wealthy merchants that trade upon the seas,
That bring the golden treasure to those that live at ease,
That bring the fruits and spices, that bring the silks also,
They gain them from the Indies by virtue of the plough.
- 7 And then the men that bring them, we've only to be true,
They could not sail the ocean without the painful plough.
They needs must have their biscuit, their flour and their peas
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail upon the seas.
- 8 If any man's offended with me for singing this,
Let him again consider, he'll own he's thought amiss,
I hold and will maintain it, and what I say is true,
No man that you can mention could live without the plough.

NOTES ON THE SONGS.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

BY

THE MUSICAL EDITOR.



No. 28. EARL RICHARD.

Words and tune from Mr. John Swain, of Donyatt.



WO English versions of the words entitled "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter," are in the *Roxburghe Collection* and in Percy's *Reliques*. Percy states that his version is "given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections," and that it "was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it." The fifth verse is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of "The Pilgrim" (1621).

Buchan gives two traditional forms of the ballad, "Earl Richard, the Queen's brother," and "Earl Lithgow," Vol. II, 81-91, ed. 1828. See also Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 377, and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. I, 184, and Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, pp. 15 and 25.

Kinloch says:—"The Scottish language has given such a playful *naiveté* to these ballads, that one would be apt to suppose that version to be the original, were it not that the invariable use of English titles, which are retained in all Scottish copies, betrays the ballad to have emanated from the south, although it has otherwise assumed the character of a northern production."

I recovered an excellent version of this ballad from Mrs. Glover of Huish Episcopi, who gave me very much the same words as those of Mr. Swain, but quite a different air in the Mixolydian mode.

Mr. Marson has to some slight extent reconstructed the ballad, using all the words that Mr. Swain gave me.

No. 29. I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

Words and air from Mrs. Lucy White, of Hambridge.

This ballad, with words rewritten by Robert Burns, is in the *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792, No. 397. The tune there given is a traditional one and was recovered by Burns himself from a singer in Nithsdale. The Scottish tune has little in common with Mrs. White's, although both are in the Dorian mode.

The ballad, with a tune not unlike our version, is published in *Songs of the West*, No. 73, under the title, "On a May morning so early." See also the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, 92, and Vol. II, 9.

"I'm Seventeen come Sunday" is widely known throughout Somerset and I have noted it down eight times. The tunes of these several variants are closely related and the words vary but little. I have chosen the particular variant sung by Mrs. White, because it seems to me to embody the characteristics of the tune in their purest forms. Mrs. White learned the song from Mrs. Hannah Bond of Barrington last summer. Poor Hannah had recently broken her thigh, and was lying in bed, singing to amuse herself. She died two days later, at the age of eighty-nine. The words have been softened and to some extent reconstructed by Mr. Marson.

No. 30. HENRY MARTIN.

Tune from Mrs. Lucy White, of Hambridge.

Versions of this ballad, with tunes, are in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 30; in *Songs of the West*, No. 53, ed. 1905; and in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, 162.

The words are on a Catnach broadside; and, in Percy's *Reliques*, there is a long and much edited ballad, called "Sir Andrew Barton," with which, however, the traditional versions have nothing in common.

In *English and Scottish Ballads*, Child prints the versions in *Traditional Tunes* and *Songs of the West* and gives, in addition, four other sets—one from Motherwell's MS., two traditional copies obtained from residents in U.S.A., and a Suffolk fragment contributed by Edward Fitzgerald to *Suffolk Notes and Queries* (*Ipswich Journal*, 1877-8).

In these several versions the hero is variously styled Henry Martin, Robin Hood, Sir Andrew Barton, Andrew Bodee, Andrew Bartin, Henry Burgin and Roberton.

Child suggests that the "the ballad must have sprung from the ashes of 'Sir Andrew Barton'" (Percy's *Reliques*), of which name Henry Martin would be no extraordinary corruption." The Rev. S. Baring Gould in his note to the ballad in *Songs of the West*, differs from this view and contends that the Percy version is the ballad "as recomposed in the reign of James I, when there was a perfect rage for re-writing the old historical ballads."

I am inclined to think, however, that the two versions are quite distinct. "Sir Andrew Barton" deals with the final encounter between Barton and the King's ships, in which Andrew Barton's ship is sunk and he himself killed; whereas the traditional

versions are concerned with a piratical raid made by Henry Martin upon an English merchantman. It is true that in *Songs of the West* Henry Martin receives his death wound, but, as Child points out, this incident does not square with the rest of the story and may, therefore, be an interpolation.

Unlike so many so-called historical ballads this one is really based on fact. In the latter part of the 15th century, a Scottish sea-officer, Andrew Barton, suffered by sea at the hands of the Portuguese, and obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the trading ships of Portugal. The brothers, under pretence of searching for Portuguese shipping, levied toll upon English merchant vessels. King Henry VIII accordingly commissioned the Earl of Surrey to rid the seas of the pirates and put an end to their illegal depredations. The earl fitted out two vessels, and gave the command of them to his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. They sought out Barton's ships, the *Lion* and the *Union*, fought them, captured them and carried them in triumph up the river Thames on Aug. 2nd, 1511.

I have noted down the ballad several times in Somerset. Mr. James Bale of Bridgwater, gave me a variant of Mrs. White's tune, which has many points in common with the version in *Songs of the West*; but Mr. Thomas Hendy of Ilminster and Captain Lewis of Minehead sang me two very different airs.

Mrs. White could only remember one verse of the words, but the other singers gave me full copies, and it is from these that Mr. Marson has constructed the version of the ballad given in the text. Mrs. White's air is in the Dorian mode.

No. 31. SOVAY, SOVAY.

Words and tune from Mrs. Louie Hooper, of Hambridge.

The words are on broadsides by Jackson and Son, Birmingham, and others, called "Silvia's Request and William's Denial." See also "The Valiant Oxfordshire Lady" in "The Bristol Bridegroom's Wedding" garland; and "The Female Robber" in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 124.

In a version which Mr. Baring Gould noted down in Devonshire the heroine's name is "Saucy Sally." I have also recovered two variants of the same song in Somerset: "Fair Phœbe," from Mrs. Pond of Shepton Beauchamp, and "Sally, Sally," from Mr. Turner of Bridgwater. Mr. Kidson tells me that he has heard and noted down the same ballad in Nottingham.

The words required very little editing, and they are given in the text almost exactly as Mrs. Hooper sang them. "Sovay" is a corruption of "Sophie."

No. 32. THE DROWNED LOVER.

Words and air from Mr. James Bale, of Bridgwater.

For an interesting note on the history of the words of this song, see "The Drowned Lover" in *Songs of the West*, No. 32. It is there stated that the earliest copy of the words is in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, under the heading "Captain Digby's Farewell;"

and that the song afterwards came to be applied to the death of the Earl of Sandwich, after the action of Sole Bay in 1673. Mr. Baring Gould suggests to me that the "Stokes Bay" in our Somerset version is a corruption of "Sole Bay."

I have collected no variants of this ballad. Captain Lewis and Captain Vickery, of Minehead, however, both knew of the song, although they could only recall a few snatches of the words. Their versions agreed in placing the catastrophe at "Robin Hood's Bay."

The tune, which is in the Dorian mode, is in my opinion one of the finest folk-airs that I have yet recovered from Somerset. Mr. Bale is a singing man of the old school, and comes from a sea-faring family who for generations past have hailed from Bridgwater. He sang me many other ballads, and told me many interesting stories about his "Big-uncles," who fought in the wars against the French in the latter half of the 18th century.

The first verse is exactly as Mr. Bale sang it, but the remaining verses have been freely edited by Mr. Marson.

No. 33. THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Words and tune from Mr. William King, of East Harptree.

I have been unable to trace this ballad either on ballad sheets or in any published edition of folk-songs.

The sentiment of the fourth verse is faintly suggested in "The Boys of Kilkenny" (Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*, p. 208). See also the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 96, 205 and 208; "The Little Turtle Dove," in this volume; and "Bonny Paisley" in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 405.

The words in the text are almost exactly as Mr. King sang them.

No. 34. GREEN BUSHES.

Words and air from Mrs. Louie Hooper, of Hambridge.

Two versions of this ballad, recovered by the Rev. S. Baring Gould in Devonshire, are printed in *Songs of the West*, No. 43, and in *English County Songs*, p. 170. See also Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 47; and Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, pp. 23-26. The words, which are on broadsides by Disley and Such, have some affinity with the old Northumbrian ballad "Sir Arthur and Charming Mollee" (Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 236).

Buckstone's play "The Green Bushes" was produced in 1845, and in it this song, described as "a popular Irish Ballad," was sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam. There is nothing distinctively Irish in either the tune or in the words. The ballad, moreover, is sung freely throughout England; while the tune, in varying forms and set to different words, is constantly found in English folk-song (e.g. the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, pp. 66 and 90).

I have noted down "Green Bushes" from several singers in Somerset. These tunes all resemble Mrs. Hooper's, more or less closely, and are all of them in the Mixolydian mode.

Mr. James Bale of Bridgwater, however, sang me a Dorian version, not unlike the air in the same mode, in *Traditional Tunes*.

The words vary but little ; and the set given in the text is a fair example of those that I have recovered from other singers.

Mrs. Hooper, who, together with her sister Mrs. White, has sung me more than a hundred traditional songs, tells me that "Green Bushes" is her favourite song.

No. 35. DABBING IN THE DEW.

Words and air from Mr. John Swain, of Donyatt.

This ballad is freely sung all over Somerset ; I have taken it down seven times. The words of the several versions vary but little. They are quite unsuited for publication, so Mr. Marson has re-written the ballad, retaining the first verse only and the refrain. The song is a ballad form of the old and well-known English Nursery Rhyme, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?" One singer from Shepton Beauchamp sang the refrain, "It's strawberry leaves make the milkmaids fair."

I have noted down several good tunes to this song ; one especially fine air was given me by Mr. Samuel Weeks of Eastwater Farm, Priddy. The Rev. S. Baring Gould has found the ballad in Cornwall and Devon, and one of his versions is printed, with accompaniment in Dr. Somervell's *Songs of the Four Nations*, p. 58.

No. 36. THE CORNISH YOUNG MAN.

Words and tune from Mr. Frederick Crossman, of Huish Episcopi.

The words are on a Birmingham broadside by Jackson and Son, called "The Outlandish Knight." Except for the title it has nothing in common with the well-known ballad of the same name. In days gone by the Cornishman was an "Outlander" to the dwellers in other parts of England. The word "silly" in the second verse is used in its original sense of good, innocent, or simple. The word is omitted in the broadside.

Mrs. Glover of Huish Episcopi, and Mr. Allen of Haselbury-Plucknett each gave me variants of the same ballad.

Reference to the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. II, 54, will show how little it has been necessary to edit Mr. Crossman's words.

The tune is a Mixolydian one and, like many melodies in that mode, it lacks at its conclusion that definite feeling of finality which the modern ear is accustomed to. This sense of incompleteness might be overcome by sharpening the seventh note of the scale in the penultimate chord, after the manner of *musica ficta* ; but this would rob the tune of its character. I have, therefore, followed the example of L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray (vide *Trente Mélodies Populaires de Basse-Bretagne*, pp. 4, 66 and 91) and have ended the song upon the unresolved chord of the dominant seventh.

No. 37. JUST AS THE TIDE WAS A-FLOWING.

Words and air from Mr. Harry Richards, of Curry Rivel.

The same ballad with an air very similar to the Somerset version is given in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 108; and, with accompaniment, in Moffat and Kidson's *Minstrelsy of England*, p. 288.

The words are still printed on ballad sheets by Such, No. 135.

Several years ago I noted down a variant of this tune, in hornpipe rhythm, at Headington, Oxford, from Mr. Kimber, who was playing it on a concertina for some Morris dancers. Mr. Kimber called it "The Blue-eyed Stranger," and I print it here because it supplies an interesting example of the way in which a strong rhythmic dance tune may, with very little alteration, be converted into a smooth sentimental melody.



Mr. Marson was obliged to omit a few lines of Mr. Richards' words, but, except for this they required little or no editing.

No. 38. ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

Words and air from Mr. Harry Richards, of Curry Rivel.

The words, which are much more modern than the tune, are on broadsides by Such and Ryle.

The ballad is a very popular one amongst Somerset singers and I have noted it down many times. Mr. Richards' tune is in the Dorian mode, but most of my variants are in the Æolian mode. For two versions of the tune in the latter mode, see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 117, and the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, No. 1, p. 117. The tune may have some connection with the well-known "Lazarus" tune in *English County Songs*, p. 102.

Mr. Marson has made some use of the broadsides in editing Mr. Richards' words.

No. 39. THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Words and tune from Mr. William King, of East Harptree.

This ballad is clearly one of the many derivatives of the root of Burn's "A red, red rose." The three stanzas which Mr. King gave me are to be found in a garland entitled "The True Lover's Farewell," the second of "Five excellent New Songs,

printed in the year 1792," (B.M. 11621, b. 7). The remaining verse, the third in the text, has been supplied from the printed version.

In *The Centenary Burns* by Henley and Henderson, Vol. III, 402, it is shown how Burns borrowed all the figures contained in his lyric from folk-poetry. See also the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. II, 55. The tune is in the Dorian mode.

No. 40. THE LITTLE TURTLE DOVE.

Words and tune from Mrs. Glover, of Huish Episcopi.

This, like the preceding song, is one of the ballads to which Burns was indebted for his "Red, red rose."

Mrs. Glover's words (see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, 57) were so corrupt that Mr. Marson has had to borrow freely from broadsides to complete the song.

The singer ended her melody in two different ways, making the tune respectively Dorian and Æolian. As "The True Lovers' Farewell" is in the Dorian mode I have chosen the Æolian ending.

No. 41. TARRY TROUSERS.

Words and tune from Mrs. Pond, of Shepton Beauchamp.

I have only noted down this song from one other singer in Somerset, Mr. James Bishop of Rookham Farm, Priddy, who sang it to a very beautiful Dorian melody.

The ballad is not printed in any of the well-known collections of English folk-songs, although the words are on a ballad sheet by Catnach.

Mr. Marson has incorporated some of the verses from the broadside with Mrs. Pond's words.

No. 42. THE CRAFTY LOVER ; OR, THE LAWYER OUTWITTED.

Tune from Mrs. Overd, of Langport, and words from Captain Lewis, of Minehead.

This very characteristic Dorian tune has been sung to me by several singers in Somerset besides Mrs. Overd, but always to the ballad of "Rosemary Lane," the words of which we could not publish. Captain Lewis of Minehead sang us a version of "The Crafty Lover" to a poor tune. As his words were good and the tune of "Rosemary Lane" an excellent one we have mated the two together. Mr. Marson has condensed the ballad and adapted the words to the shorter metre of "Rosemary Lane."

The words are in Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 110, ed. 1861.

No. 43. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

Words and tune from Mr. Henry Larcombe, of Haselbury-Plucknett.

Mr. Henry Larcombe is eighty-two years of age and is, unfortunately, afflicted with blindness. He told me that he learned this ballad when he was a boy of ten, and that he had not sung it since he came to live at Haselbury, and that was forty years ago or more.

The Robin Hood ballads which, centuries ago, were extremely popular and were constantly denounced by the authorities, are now but rarely sung by the country folk. Miss Broadwood has noted down "The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood" in Sussex, and Mr. Kidson obtained "Robin Hood and the Keeper" from an old farmer at Huddersfield (see the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, 144 and 247), but, so far as I know, "Robin Hood and the Tanner" has not before been captured by any English collector.

Mr. Larcombe's verses follow with astonishing accuracy the corresponding stanzas of a black-letter broadside, which formerly belonged to Anthony à Wood, and is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. A copy of this broadside is printed in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, and in Child (No. 126) and also on two 17th century garlands. The full title on the black letter is :—

Robin Hood and the Tanner ; or, Robin Hood met with his match.

A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combat fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and noblest archer in England.

Tune is, *Robin Hood and the Stranger*.

The first verse runs :—

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland,
There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

Ritson gives a tune which, however, bears no resemblance to the Somerset air. Robin Hood is said to have been born at Locksley in Nottinghamshire about 1160, in the reign of Henry II. He was of noble blood, and his real name was Robert Fitzooth, of which Robin Hood is a corruption. He was commonly reputed to have been the Earl of Huntingdon, and it is possible that in the latter years of his life he may have had some right to the title. He led the life of an outlaw in Barnsdale (Yorks), Sherwood (Notts), and in Plompton Park (Cumberland), and gathered round him a large number of retainers. His chief lieutenants were Little John, whose surname is believed to have been Nailor; William Scadlock (Scathe-lock or Scarlet); George-a-Green, pinder or pound keeper of Wakefield; Much, a miller's son; and Friar Tuck. It is said that he died in 1247, at the age of eighty-seven, at the Kirkleys Nunnery in Yorkshire, whither he had gone to be bled, and where it is commonly supposed he was treacherously done to death.

Mr. Larcombe varied the several phrases of the tune, which is in the Dorian mode, in a very free and singularly interesting manner. I have chosen from these variations those forms which seemed to me to be the most characteristic.

He sang the first line of the fourth stanza :—

“And thou must be more in particular of store,”

the meaning of which is not very clear. Mr. Marson has, therefore, adopted the corresponding line in the broadside,

“ ‘Tis thou must have more partakers in store.”

“Partakers” means those who take part, *i.e.* helpers or retainers.

Except for one or two verbal alterations the words are given precisely as Mr. Larcombe sang them.

No. 44. THE LOW LOW LANDS OF HOLLAND ;
OR, THE MAIDEN’S LAMENT.

Words and tune from Mr. Dibble, of Bridgwater.

One of the earliest copies of this ballad is printed in Herd’s *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, Vol. II, 2, ed. 1776. It is also in the *Roxburgh and Ebsworth Collections*, and in Johnson’s *Museum*. The ballad appears also in garlands, printed about 1760, as “The sorrowful Lover’s Regrate,” and “The Maid’s lamentation for the loss of her true Love,” as well as on broadsides of more recent date. See also the *Pedlar’s Pack of Ballads*, pp. 23-25 ; the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, 97 ; and Dr. Joyce’s *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 68.

The “vow” verse occurs in “Bonny Bee Hom,” a well-known Scottish ballad (Child, No. 92).

Mr. Dibble, who gave me this song, is an old man of eighty-five who, after serving many years in the navy and seeing much active service, is now ending his days in the Bridgwater Union. The air he gave me is in the Mixolydian mode and is not unlike the tune to which “The Rambling Sailor” is usually sung in Somerset. It bears no resemblance to the melody to the same song collected by Mr. Merrick in Sussex and published in the *Folk-Song Journal* ; but it has some points in common with the air given in *Ancient Irish Music*.

No. 45. THE BROKEN TOKEN.

Words and air from Mrs. Louie Hooper, of Hambridge.

The words are on a ballad sheet by Such, “The young and single sailor.” The story is the same as “Fair Phœbe and her dark-eyed sailor,” or, as it is sometimes called, “The broken token,” but the words are quite different. This latter form of the ballad is extremely popular with folk-singers and it is always sung to the same beautiful melody (see *Songs of the West*, No. 44). “The young and single sailor” is less often met with, and the tunes vary, although they are generally characterised

by an irregular rhythm. The two melodies to this ballad in *Christie*, Vol. I, 264 and Vol. II, 200, are not altogether unlike Mrs. Hooper's tune. The bold sweep and vigour of this melody is worthy of attention, for I believe this to be one the most marked characteristics of English folk-song.

Mrs. Susan Williams of Haselbury-Plucknett gave me an interesting variant of this ballad, and I have recovered it from other singers in Somerset.

Mrs. Hooper's version of the words was very incomplete, so Mr. Marson has made free use of the broadside verses, which, however, had to be altered to make them conform to the peculiar metre of the melody.

No. 46. SWEET EUROPE.

Words and air from Mr. Dibble, of Bridgwater.

This is evidently the same song as "I'm a poor stranger and far from my home" in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 72, and Mr. Alfred Moffatt's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 10. The words of the first verses are nearly identical, but the remaining stanzas of the two versions differ widely from each other. Mr. Dibble's tune has nothing in common with the Irish air, except that in both melodies the seventh note of the scale is absent.

Dr. Joyce in his note to the song says: "An English friend assures me that he heard the words of the following song many years ago, among the peasantry of the south of England; and he believes the air also to be the one I give here."

I believe that our version is a genuine English tune, although the use of the "gapped" scale gives to the melody an Irish, or, perhaps, a Scottish flavour.

Some of Mr. Dibble's words are the same as those of "The Lads of Cocaigny," a ballad which Mrs. Hooper of Hambridge sang to me and which is allied to "The Boys of Kilkenny," in Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*, p. 209.

Mr. Marson has made use of the two sets in editing Mr. Dibble's words.

No. 47. AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Tune from Mrs. Fido and Mrs. Hull, of Langport.

Neither Mrs. Hull nor Mrs. Fido could remember more than a verse or two of the words of this song; we have, therefore, given in the text the words already printed to Mr. Crossman's version of the same song, No. 13.

This second air is very different from Mr. Crossman's. It is a melody which, in some form or other, I have repeatedly heard in Somerset; but in the Langport version it appears in what seems to me to be its finest and purest form. It is in the Mixolydian mode and like all airs in that scale it has been exceedingly difficult to harmonize. Indeed, it is a question in my mind whether mixolydian airs should ever be harmonized at all. For, folk-singers, who have been accustomed all their lives to sing without accompaniment, take their intervals with a much purer intonation than those who have been nurtured upon the tempered scale of keyed instru-

ments. This is especially noticeable in mixolydian tunes, in which the flattened seventh is the most characteristic note. Country singers invariably sing the natural seventh, which is flatter than the tempered seventh, and this gives a soft cooing effect which is lost directly the seventh note is raised in accordance with modern habit. Singers can put the truth of this statement to the test by singing this or any other song in the same mode, without instrumental accompaniment.

No. 48. THE IRISH BULL.

Words and air from Mr. G. D. Templeman, of Hambridge Farm, Hambridge.

Mr. Templeman learned this song from his step-father, Mr. James Manfield, who had it from his father, who was born in 1806. He could not explain the strangeness of the title of the song, nor could he give me any further information about its origin. "The Irish Bull" is probably the name of the tune. The words are on a Catnach broadside, and also on a ballad sheet printed at Preston, under the heading "The Monkey turned Barber." They are, of course, much more modern than the tune, which is an old one in the Dorian mode.

Dr. Vaughan Williams has noted down the same tune in Essex, but to different words.

No. 49. MIDSUMMER FAIR.

Words and tune from Mr. Joseph Cornelius, of Shepton Beauchamp.

This is a variant of the well-known and popular Devonshire song, "Widdecombe Fair;" see *Songs of the West*, No. 16. I assume that some Widdecombe singer, probably in the latter half of last century, changed "Midsummer" into "Widdecombe," and substituted the names of local celebrities for the jingle of the last line. It is curious to note how these alterations at once gave new life to the ballad and popularised it, not only throughout Devonshire but pretty well all over England as well. I would claim for the Somerset air that it is older than the Devonshire tune and that it has more character and a better rhythm.

Mr. Marson added the last verse, but in other respects the words are given here almost exactly as they were sung by Mr. Cornelius.

No. 50. THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Words and air from Mrs. Hooper, of Hambridge.

Compare Such's broadside, No. 635, "The Lincolnshire Farmer's Daughter;" "The Maid of Rygate," in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 134; "The Norfolk Maiden," the fifth and last song in *The Longing Maid's Garland* (B.M. 11621, 2); and "The Highwayman Outwitted," in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 236.

I have, as yet, recovered no variants of this ballad in Somerset.

Although the final note fixes the mode as Major or Ionian, there is a strong Æolian feeling in the tune, to which I have given expression in the harmonies of the second verse. I am inclined to think the air is an old modal one with modern accretions. The omission of a bar in the middle of the last phrase gives to the tune a swing and movement, of which the customary cæsura would deprive it.

Mr. Marson has supplied certain omissions from the words of other copies.

Nos. 51 and 52. THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

First version from Mrs. Louie Hooper, of Hambridge.

Second version from Mr. William Brister, of Ilminster.

This song consists of twenty-three verses and is sung in the following way. The second verse begins :—

“On the *eleventh* day of Christmas my true Love sent to me
Eleven bulls a-beating, etc.,”

and so on till the twelfth verse, as given in the text.

The process is then reversed, the verses being gradually increased in length, so that the thirteenth verse is :—

“On the *second* day of Christmas my true Love sent to me
Two turtle doves
One goldie ring,
And the part of a June apple tree.”

In this way the twenty-third verse is triumphantly reached, and that, of course, except for the last line, is the same as the first verse.

Another way, in which the song is sometimes sung, is to begin with “On the *first* day of Christmas, etc.” and to continue to the twelfth day when the song concludes. “Eleven bulls a-beating,” refers to an ancient and cruel custom of beating bulls with sticks in the market place at Christmas time to make the beef tender. “June apple tree,” means a tree whose fruit will keep sound and good till the following June ; it is not, apparently, a corruption of “Juniper tree.”

For the fifth gift Mrs. Hooper gave us “Five Britten Chains,” which she said were “sea-birds with golden rings round their necks.” All the other Somerset singers that I have heard, sing “Five French hens,” and, as this is the invariable reading in printed versions, we have so altered it. “Britten chains” may be a corruption of “Bréton hens.”

The “twelve days of Christmas” are, of course, those between Christmas day and Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

Country singers are very fond of songs of this type, regarding them as tests of memory and endurance. “This is the house that Jack built” is, perhaps, the best known song of this class. “The barley mow,” “One man shall mow my meadow,” and “The Dilly song,” are other examples of the accumulative song, and these are all freely sung in Somerset. “The Christmas song” is, perhaps the most attractive of these, and as, moreover, it is very well-known all over the county, we have thought ourselves justified in including it in this collection. So far as I know, the song, with accompaniment, has not previously appeared in print.

There is an interesting version in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 129, where it is described as "one of the quaintest of Christmas carols now relegated to the nursery as a forfeit game, where each child in succession has to repeat the gifts of the day, and incurs a forfeit for every error." The melody in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* is a little like Mr. Brister's version.

Mr. Baring Gould in his note to "The jolly Goss-hawk," in *Songs of the West*, No. 71, states that the song is known in Devon as "The Nawden Song."

For other versions of the words see Chambers' *Popular Songs of Scotland*, 1842; Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*; and Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*.

Mr. Kidson tells me that he has noted down a version, with tune, in Wiltshire.

No. 53. DICKY OF TAUNTON DEANE.

Words and air from Mrs. Eliza Hutchings, of Taunton.

For versions with tunes see *English County Songs*, p. 166; Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, No. 50; and Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pp. 262 and 671. In Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 149 (ed. 1861), a West Country version of the words is printed, together with two Irish sets, supplied by T. Crofton Croker, called respectively "Last New Year's Day" and "Dicky of Ballyman." The words are also in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, entitled "Richard of Dalton Dale," and on broadsides by Batchelor and Catnach.

Mrs. Hutching's version of the song differs in some respects, both in tune and words, from all of these and has all the character of a genuine traditional ballad. Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Overd of Langport sang and danced it together with great spirit, in a way that I shall not easily forget. We give the words almost exactly as Mrs. Hutchings sang them.

No. 54. THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

Words and air from Mr. Thomas Mitchell, of Merriott.

For versions of this song, with tunes, see *Songs of the West*, No. 68; Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, No. 3, and *English County Songs*, p. 126. The words are on broadsides by Jackson and Son and others, and also in Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 143. For a full and learned account of the history of the words, see the note to the song in *Songs of the West*.

The Somerset tune is quite distinct from each of the three versions quoted above. It is a noble melody but at the same time a very curious one, and it has puzzled me not a little. For, the seventh note, which occurs but once in the course of the melody, and that near its close, is major; yet the air is nevertheless, in my opinion, in the Mixolydian mode. I have, accordingly, so harmonized it; but I am quite prepared to find some expert musicians disagree with me.

"The Painful Plough" must not be confounded with "The Useful Plough,"

which is another ballad altogether. It is, however, sometimes called "The Faithful Plough." The adjective "painful" is, of course, used in its original sense of taking pains, careful, industrious. Fuller, for instance, talks of St. Joseph as a "painful carpenter."

Mr. Marson has adhered as closely as possible to the words that Mr. Mitchell sang.